

day of the session that either house was ready to notify the governor that it was organized and ready to receive any communication he had to send.

Such was the beginning of American territorial legislation in Hawaii. It is a legislature composed of strange elements. In the house there are the son of a Chinese coolie, the son of a chief justice of the supreme court of Illinois, and one of Lincoln's closest friends, the son of one of the early New England missionaries to Hawaii, native members who are descendants of old chiefs and others who were of the commonalty, and half-whites in whose veins runs the blood of runaway sailors who deserted the hard service of the whale fleet in arctic rigors for the freer and more genial life of the tropics. In the senate is a Russian, educated, polished, but too liberal in his views to suit the czar, or at least the secret service of his native land; the son of a missionary who is known as the richest, as well as one of the most liberal, men in the islands; members of old island families, as well as men who are reckoned as malihinis, or strangers. Here, too, as in the house, there is a man whose father came here as a contract Chinese laborer.

But mixed as it is in its elements, there is probably as much solid sentiment of honesty and desire to do well by the country as is to be found in any legislature. The house has proved itself jealous of its rights and liberties by ejecting from its chamber the secretary of the territory, of whom it thought he intended coercion or intimidation of the liberties of the house. Both houses adjourned for Washington's birthday, and each house gave up the afternoon session of the day before listening to the reading of the declaration of independence and hearing it translated into Hawaiian.

WHO SIXTO LOPEZ IS.

Sixto Lopez, a native Filipino, has been since 1879 actively interested in the independence of the Philippine islands. He belonged to the early secret league whose object was ostensibly reform, but really independence, of which Jose Rizal was also a member. When Jose Rizal was arrested by the Spanish government in 1893, Lopez also fell under suspicion and was obliged to flee from the country. Since that time he has been working industriously for the Filipino cause, keeping in close touch with his own people by constant correspondence.

His letters, which have been published in various papers, are of great interest.

THE TREE GOD PLANTS.

The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best;
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
Meets all its warts.

There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields;
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when Spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows.
The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night,
Till, sweet to taste and fair to sight,
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm has power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane,
When they are spent it doth remain.
The tree God knows
Through every tempest standeth fast,
And from its first day to its last
Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
A seed God sows—
A little seed—it soon will grow
And far and near all men will know,
For heavenly lands He bids it blow,
A seed God sows,
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, through death it groweth
right,
Forever grows.
—Observer.

Begging letters by the hundreds are addressed to Andrew Carnegie daily. A few days ago the iron king received this original missive: "My Dear Carnegie—I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; it costs \$1.50. If you will send me this hymn book I will bless you, God will bless you and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly,
"Mark Twain."

"P. S.—Don't send the hymn book, send me \$1.50."—The Chicago Chronicle.

Racial prejudice and religious intolerance are twin ministers of barbarism.—Wu Ting Fang.

The Assistant Librarian—But why don't you think the book is an authentic history of China?

The Librarian—Because it was written since the allied armies occupied the country, and it speaks of China as being "densely populated."
G. T. E.

Friend—Got a lawyer?

Prisoner—One.

Friend—Why don't yer git two?

Prisoner—I ain't guilty 'nough fer thet.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Teacher—I surely spoke plainly when I asked you what the Declaration of Independence means!

The Pupil—But you did not say whether you wanted the answer to be in an American or a Cuban sense!
G. T. E.

Ward—Come, now, do you think it possible for a politician to be honest?

Statesman—Oh, yes, I suppose it is possible; but why the necessity?—Boston Transcript.

BOOK NOTICES.

Socialism and the Labor Problem, a plea for social democracy (Terre Haute, Ind.: Debs Publishing Co. Price, 10 cents), by Father T. McGrady, is a stirring bit of pamphleteering, in which the author mixes up a good many wholesome truths with a good deal of loose thinking. The pamphlet would be called "radical," because to conservative minds it suggests recklessness, but in the true sense of "radical," which denotes the idea of fundamental, Father McGrady is anything but a radical. He does make some radical propositions, as that the product of one's toil is one's wages, and that division of labor does not alter this simple principle; but his powers of analysis fail him when he tries to follow that principle into the complexities of capitalism, from which he emerges with the astounding conclusion regarding labor and capital that "the existence of one depends on the destruction of the other." Of some things colloquially called capital, that is true; but of other things colloquially called capital it is not true. Father McGrady slips up in failing to analyze with care and to distinguish with precision when dealing with totally different things which happen to have the same name colloquially. The instance is typical.

MARCH MAGAZINES.

—The National Single Taxer devotes this, its final number, to a detailed report of the dinner given at Boston by the Massachusetts Single Tax league to the Catholic clergy of Boston.

—The Journal of the Knights of Labor (43 B street, N. W., Washington, D. C.) reviews the passage of the Spooner amendment giving the president despotic power in the Philippines, scoring democratic senators for refusing to filibuster against its passage.

APRIL MAGAZINES.

—The North American Review (Franklin square, New York) leads with a message from Tolstol to the American people, as a supplement to an appropriate paper on the root of society evils. It also lets Mark Twain loose upon his missionary critics. Twain leaves none of his humor out, but in a controversial article marked with extraordinary closeness of reasoning and soundness of moral principle, he pounds his critics to a jelly.

—The Atlantic Monthly (Boston) gives place to a thoughtful paper by Edwin Burritt Smith, of Chicago, on municipal questions. One of his points is radical and vital, namely, that "the power of any legislative body to limit the legislative discretion of its successors ought not to be tolerated by a self-governing people." If this wholesome distinction between the legislative and the contracting functions of government were kept alive, it would destroy all that is bad and preserve all that is good in the now vicious doctrine of "vested rights."